

Abide with me

Evening

S
A

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word,
 4. Come not in ter - rors as the King of kings,
 5. Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile,
 6. I need Thy pre - sence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 7. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 8. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,

T
B

The dark - ness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 But as Thou dwell'st with hy - dis - ci - ples, Lord,
 But kind and good, with heal - ing on Thy wings;
 And, though re - bell - ious and per - verse mean - while,
 What but Thy grace can and the tempt - ers power?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and a - com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient, free;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - ery plea;
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, and thy vic - to - ry?
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Thou Whochang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me.
 O Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me!
 On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O Thou a - bide with me!
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - men.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1743 - 1847)

Music: Eventide, 10 10. 10 10, William H. Monk (1823 - 1889)